# POZZLES FOR JUDGES.

SIMPLE WORDS THAT HAVE TANGLED UP ENGLISH COURTS.

**Some Terms of Almost Everyday Use That Proved to Be Too Profound For the Intelligence of the Learned Bench and Bar.**

In a case that came before a famous lord justice some time ago the counsel for the prosecution in the evidence had to mention a "blouse."

The judge asked what a blouse was, and it was explained that this was part of a lady's dress. But the case came to a dead stop for the time, for the judge did not know which part, and after some hesitation the barrister admitted that he wasn't sure. Several learned brothers gave their opinion, some opining a blouse was the upper half of a lady's costume, while others insisted it must be the lower half. The entire court, filled with learned celebrities whose heads held all the laws of Britain, from pitch and toss to manslaughter, argued it out, but nobody was sure. The judge thought it was the lower half, but a junior barrister who had lately been married said he thought that that half was called a skirt, but did not feel certain. At length a lady was called, who set the court right.

Another odd dilemma happened not long ago when in the Hobson "horse faking" case the word "fetlock" arose. A fetlock, as everybody knows, is the ankle of a horse. The court asked what it was, however, and the prosecuting counsel was nonplused. The witnesses were out of court save one, and he knew nothing. The judge thought a fetlock was a sort of hind knee, otherwise "hock," but one learned brother was quite certain it was the lock of hair that hangs over a horse's forehead. The defendant's solicitor opined it was that part of the harness which slips over the tail, the crupper, and another legal celebrity agreed with the judge. Finally the court had to call a stable groom to clear up the mystery.

In a case that was settled some years since the recorder was brought up short by a phrase used by the counsel for defense, who spoke of a transaction concerning a pound of "blacklead." This is a common and useful article, but the counsel on being asked to explain its nature said it was a black substance used for boot polishing. The recorder thought it was a mineral used in lead pencils, but another barrister asserted it to be a "tough kind of lead used for roofing houses." The case was brought to a standstill, and one lawyer, unsurpassed in legal knowledge, declared that blacklead was a slang term for pig iron as produced in the north country. A fourth expounder of the law vaguely suggested it was the opposite of white lead, and finally a domestic servant put the court right, and the assembly at last learned that it was used for blacking stoves.

Another dilemma was produced a little while ago on the western circuit by the introduction of the words "dry nurse" in an address to the court. This bewildered the judge, who asked if a dry nurse was a nurse who dried babies after they had been washed. That solution did not occur to the learned counsel, who, after some hesitation, said he thought it meant a nurse who was not addicted to drinking and therefore most suitable to look after infants. Nobody seemed to know what the term really meant, though several more guesses were made, the last of them that a dry nurse was one who could not amuse children.

The court was again nonplused by a statement made that somebody concerned in the case supposed to suffer from melancholia was really "as jolly as a sandboy." The judge wanted to know what a sandboy was in order to form some idea as to the exact degree of jollity involved. The counsel could not tell him, though one suggested it was a boy who sanded the roads and the other thought it might be a lad building sand castles on the seashore. The whole court stopped to discuss what a sandboy was and why he was jolly, but they could not solve the problem.

It is hardly believable that anybody should not know what a "snaffle" is, but a London magistrate recently desired to be informed, and nobody could tell him what a snaffle might be. A solicitor thought it was the same thing as the "curb," and the clerk had an idea it was a kind of cold in the head which horses caught, causing them to snuffle a good deal.—London Answers.

**What a Knight of the Garter Wears.**

A Knight of the Garter dressed in the regalia is an imposing sight. He wears a blue velvet mantle with a star embroidered on the left breast. His trunk hose, stockings and shoes are white, his hood and surcoat crimson. The garter, of dark blue velvet edged with gold and bearing the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" ("Shame to him who thinks ill of it"), also in gold, is buckled about the left leg below the knee. The heavy golden collar consists of 26 pieces, each in the form of a garter, bearing the motto, and from it hangs the "George," a badge which represents St. George on horseback encountering the dragon. The "lesser George" is a smaller badge attached to a blue ribbon worn over the left shoulder. The star of the order consists of eight points, within which is the cross of St. George encircled by the garter.

**Raleigh Beaten Out of Sight.**

"Lord Raleigh's graceful little act of sacrificing his costly cloak so that the queen could go dry shod has been outdone by a western bride."

"What did she do?"

"On a very slippery day last winter she scattered the cremated ashes of her first husband on the front steps, so that her second husband wouldn't slip down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Useless Economy.**

"Sure," said the washerwoman, bending her broad back over the tubs; "sure, an it's a deeficult matter, workin out a dollar a day to support 'em—seven childer in all. An the clothes, ma'am, an the shoes!" She raised her dripping hands and let them fall with a souse into the soapsuds. She was a big, vigorous woman, with a good humored face.

One afternoon she revealed the trend of her financial management. An organ grinder was playing on the street, and a group of children danced on the walk in front of the house and hung about the fence watching the monkey. The washerwoman stepped out to have a look.

"Here, my dear," she called to one of them, "won't ye be for givin him foive cents?" And she put a nickel into the child's hand.

"Well," remarked the cook when she came back into the kitchen, "you give away your 5 cents easier'n I would."

"Sure," replied the other, "an what is foive cents?'

"It would buy a loaf of bread for your children," said the eminently sensible cook, somewhat annoyed.

"An how far," replied the good natured creature, laughing, with her hands on her eside, "how far, bless yer innocent heart, would a loaf of bread go among my seven childer?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**American Humor.**

In his book, "America Today," William Archer reproduces the following as examples of American humor:

"On board one of the Florida steamboats, which have to be built with exceedingly light draft to get over the frequent shallows of the rivers, an Englishman accosted the captain with the remark, 'I understand, captain, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow where there's been a heavy fall of dew.' 'Well, I don't know about that,' replied the captain, 'but it's true we have sometimes to send a man ahead with a watering pot.'

"Again, a southern colonel was conducted to the theater to see Salvini's 'Othello.' He witnessed the performance gravely and remarked at the close, 'That was a mighty good show, and I don't see but the coon did as well as any of 'em.'

"A third anecdote that charmed me was that of the man who, being invited to take a drink replied, 'No, no, I solemnly promised my dear dead mother never to touch a drop; besides, boys, it's too early in the morning; besides, I've just had one.'"

**He Came at Last.**

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "there's a burglar in the house. I'm sure of it."

John rubbed his eyes and protested mildly that it was imagination.

"No it isn't; I heard a man down stairs."

So John took a box of matches and went down. To his surprise his wife's suspicions were correct. Seeing that he was unarmed, the burglar covered him with a revolver and became quite sociable.

"Isn't it rather late to be out of bed?" he remarked.

"A—er—a little bit," replied John.

"You're too late, anyhow, because I've dropped everything out of the window and my pals have carried it off."

"Oh, that's all right. I'd like to ask one favor of you, though."

"What is it?"

"Stay here till my wife can come down and see you. She's been looking for you every night for the past 12 years and I don't want her to be disappointed any longer."

**Telegraph In Argentina.**

A peculiar but very serious difficulty besets the operation of telegraph lines in the Argentine Republic. The small spider, of the variety that spins a long cobweb and floats on it in the air, is so plentiful there that the floating webs settle on the wires in enormous quantities. As soon as dew falls or a shower of rain comes up every microscopic thread becomes wet and establishes a minute leak. The effect of thousands and millions of such leaks is practically to stop the operation of the lines, and the government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Ayres, has been put to vast inconvenience by the cobwebs. A number of expedients have been tried, but to no avail. On the important line between Buenos Ayres and Rosario the effect of the spider webs is to cut down the speed of working from 300 to 400 to 30 messages an hour. The government has just determined, as a last resort, to connect the two points by an underground cable about 150 miles long.

**Stagecoach Mail.**

The Franklin (Pa.) Leader, referring to the first daily mail by stagecoach from Pittsburg to that place on April 17, 1850, quotes from a local report in The Spectator to show how the convenience was viewed in those days as follows:

"The daily mail brings us some 1,000 miles nearer the world and the rest of mankind. The Pittsburg newspapers are now received the day following their publication, and we can get along without a telegraph. The fare for passengers from Franklin to Pittsburg is $2.50, which includes board on the way."

**A Wedding Present.**

A widower in Scotland recently proposed to and was accepted by a widow whose husband had died but a month or two previously.

To celebrate the occasion, he asked the widow's daughter what she would like for a present. She wanted nothing, she said; but being pressed to name something she replied:

"Well, if you want to spend siller, you might put up a heidstone to my father."—London Telegraph.

# A VERY REMARKABLE DUEL.

BOTH OF THE PARTICIPANTS WERE QUICK ON THE TRIGGER.

**An Enforced Parade Preceded the Gun Play, Which Was on the Pull and Shoot Order—Why Bratton Was Glad He Lost His Right Hand.**

"The most affectionate looking two handed gun play that I ever saw," said a Colorado gentleman in one of the house committee rooms, "was the one that happened at La Junta, in my state, between 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton and George Gannon, as pizenish a pair of real bad men of the type that has now passed away as ever fanned a .45 or twisted a Bowie.

"Gannon was the proprietor of the Gilt Edge honkatonk in La Junta, and it was at this place that he had some trouble with Bratton. The argument ended by Bratton backing out of the door with his hands up, Gannon having the drop. Gannon didn't shoot then because his gun wasn't loaded. He had been cleaning it and had forgotten to replace the cartridges. He'd have killed Bratton otherwise as a matter of course.

"That same night Bratton sent word to Gannon that he meditated shooting him up some on the following day. Gannon wasn't a man to take to the cliffs or the cactus, having plenty of notches on his gun barrel himself, and he walked around the next afternoon like a light battery of artillery. 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton bulged him, however, by turning a corner suddenly as Gannon paraded down the main street, and then it was Gannon's hands that went up for a change. Bratton had two guns covering him, and Gannon knew his gait.

"'This,' said Bratton, 'is where I get an even break for my coin. Now, you like me so much, Gannon, that I want you to sort of show your appreciation of me by walkin around town linked arms with me for awhile.'

"It was up to Gannon to comply with this peculiar request. 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton jabbed his guns back into his belt, and then he clutched Gannon's left arm and passed it through his right. The disadvantage of this arrangement accrued to Bratton. It left Gannon's gun arm free, while in case of argument Bratton would have to use his left gun. But 'Big Divide Jim' wasn't selfish.

"The population of La Junta was amazed to see 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton and George Gannon, who had always been more or less sore on each other and who had had a quarrel that meant the death of one or both of them on the night before, walking arm in arm up and down the main street of the town. It looked like a peripatetic love feast between the two of 'em. But they were watching each other like cats. At the end of the street Bratton, still with his right arm linked to Gannon's left, stopped suddenly and said:

"'George, I ain't much on the blow about any gun suddenness that I may possess, but I sure want to give you a chance. You thrung it into me last night in a way that's eat up so much of the atmosphere around here that there's not enough air left in this neighborhood for both of us to breathe at one and the same time. I'm a-goin to count three, and when I say "three" it's a breakaway and a finish. You've got a loose right arm, but I ain't no hog. One—two—three!'

"The event proved 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton the quicker man and the better marksman. He got Gannon through the heart, whereas Gannon's ball lodged in Bratton's right wrist. Bratton had to suffer his right hand to be cut off that same night.

"The last time I saw him was in Creede. He was sitting on the edge of a bunk in his own cabin, close to a claim he was working. I hadn't seen him since he'd lost his hand.

"'Jim,' said I, 'it's too bad you should have lost that right hand. If the fellow that plugged you had only got the left hand, why'—

"'Oh, I don't know,' said Bratton philosophically. 'If I'd ha' lost my left, I wouldn't have been able to play the fiddle any more.'

"He reached under his bunk and brought forth an old violin. Then he rigged up an attachment he had for holding the bow in his right stump, and he played the instrument real sweetly for me for half an hour or so.

"'I couldn't have done no fingerin if I'd ha' lost my left hook, you know,' he said simply when he put the old fiddle away."—Washington Post.

**The Two Romeos.**

Joe Jefferson told this story: "David Garrick and Spranger Barry were both playing Romeo at the same time in London. Barry played it at Drury Lane on the Monday and Garrick played it the next night at Covent Garden, and the town was divided as to which was the greater Romeo—in fact, there was quite a great excitement about it, and they acted it upon such different lines and with such marvelously different conceptions that the people argued the case as to which Shapespeare intended. The fact is that Shakespeare intended it to be acted well, and if one man's temperament suited it best to act in that way it would do for another temperament the other way.

"So they asked Mrs. Siddons, who was the Juliet alternately with the same Romeo, which she considered better of the two, and she said: 'It is difficult to say; they are both wonderfully great, but I will tell you how they impress me in the balcony scene. In the balcony scene Garrick seems so eager, so intense and so full of fire and spirit that I'm afraid he'll jump up in the balcony to me, and Barry is so lovable and fascinating that I'm afraid I shall have to jump down from the balcony to him.'"

**Played His Client False.**

"I shall have to make a lawyer out of that boy of mine. I don't see any other way out of it," declared the well known attorney, with a laugh. "He came into my office the other day on his way home from school and laid a nickel down on the desk before me.

"'What is this for, son?' I asked.

"'Retainer,' he answered soberly.

"'Very well,' said I, entering into the joke. 'What have I been retained upon?'

"My boy dug down into his pocket and produced a note from his teacher and placed it before me without comment. It was to the effect that he had been 'cutting up' and advised a whipping.

"'Now, what would you advise?' asked he in a businesslike voice after I had read the note and saw the trap that young rascal led me into.

"'I think that out first move should be to apply for a change of venue,' said I.

"'Very well,' he answered. 'You're handling the case.'

"'Then we will turn the note over to your mother,' said I.

"I saw the young imp's face fall at this, but he braced up and said:

"'See here, pop, you're bound to see me through on this, 'cause you've accepted my retainer, you know!'

"'I'll argue your case before the court,' I answered, 'but you will have to accept the decision. I would not dare to attempt to influence the court.'

"Well, I pleaded the boy's case, promptly had it thrown out of court, and the boy got what he deserved—a good whipping.

"It was the first time I ever played false to a client."—Detroit Free Press.

**Horses Wounded In Battle.**

Horses wounded on the battlefield are duly attended to when no danger to human life is involved. The veterinary officer in charge is expected to follow close on the fighting line and, together with a number of aids, to inspect properly wounded animals and give instructions for their removal or slaughter, as the case may be. The veterinary surgeon is naturally exposed to considerable danger, but if his work is not carried out during the progress of hostilities in all probability it cannot be accomplished afterward, for, although the royal army medical corps is allowed to proceed to the rescue of the wounded men under the Red Cross, the members of the army veterinary department are not permitted to attend to the injured horses, because they are not under the protection of the Geneva convention, which makes no provision whatsoever for wounded animals.

At the conclusion of the battle, if it has been decisive and one or other of the combatant armies has been driven from the field, a party of veterinary surgeons, with their assistants, is sent out to examine every animal that has fallen and to shoot such as are badly wounded. Those suffering from only slight injuries are collected and taken to the veterinary hospital lines, formed as fixed camps and established on a similar basis to those of the royal army medical corps.—Pearson's Magazine.

**A Dry Smoke.**

If you see a man with an unlighted cigar between his lips, it is not because he is looking for a light, but because he is indulging in the pleasure of a "dry smoke." How there can be any enjoyment in this to a smoker is not readily apparent, but the fact remains that there is much satisfaction in the habit, and, besides, there are no baneful effects.

For inveterate smokers the dry smoke is a good habit to cultivate. It enables many slaves of the weed to decrease the number of cigars actually smoked in a day without causing much inconvenience. Of course an inveterate smoker would find no pleasure in the habit at the start, but perseverance is necessary, and after awhile he will enjoy his dry smoke almost as much as the real one. It is a good way to begin if you desire to stop smoking. Try it and see.—New York Herald.

**He Grabbed the Offer.**

Ex-Governor George W. Peck of Wisconsin, author of "Peck's Bad Boy," was running a little country weekly in the pineries in the early sixties. It was an unimportant sheet save for one column of jokes which Peck wrote each week. This department caught the eye of "Brick" Pomeroy, who was then printing his Democrat in Lacrosse, Wis., and one day he wrote to Peck asking him whether he would be willing to go down to Lacrosse and work for The Democrat at $25 a week.

Three days later Mr. Pomeroy got this telegram: "I accept your offer quicker than instantly. For heaven's sake don't withdraw it!"

**He Explained.**

At a school one day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy.

"I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First get two glasses. Fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk, and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water."

The boy went to the top of the class.

There are many people who make it a point when they receive a goldpiece to withdraw it from circulation by hiding it in some secret place, and the amount of gold thus hoarded is probably very large.

In Portugal married women retain their maiden names.

# SELFISH FLAT DWELLERS.

A NEW YORK REAL ESTATE AGENT ON THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

**Peculiar Lines Which, According to His Experience, People of Different Nationalities Take In Causing Trouble to the Owners.**

The first question put by the renting agent was, "What nationality, please?" and the woman in the blue hat replied by asking, "Why do you want to know?"

"I meant no offense," said the agent. "I only thought that by finding out your nationality I could refer you at once to certain buildings on my list which would be apt to please you." The woman in the blue hat had half a notion to get angry.

"I don't see what my nationality has to do with finding a suitable flat," she said.

"It has a good deal to do with it," said the agent. "Now, I can see straight off that you are an American, born and bred. This is a delicate question that you have plunged me into, but since I am in it I mean to flounder around a little while longer and tell you a few facts pertaining to the merits and demerits of different nationalities considered in the light of flathouse tenants.

"First of all, I want to speak from the standpoint of prompt payment. If my success in business depended upon each tenant paying his rent exactly when it was due, I would try to fill all my houses with Scotchmen. Never have I lost a penny on a Scot, and seldom have I had to wait.

"I am not making the rash assertion that it is impossible for a Scotchman to be dishonest while everybody else is trying his best to cheat me out of my very eyeteeth. The point I wish to make is that personally I have never suffered loss at the hands of a Scot. But they give trouble in other ways. They are fearfully quarrelsome and raise so many rows with the other tenants through the dumb waiter shaft that it keeps the janitor busy straightening out domestic snarls. In all my buildings where Scotchmen reside I select a janitor with a view to his even disposition and diplomatic gifts. It doesn't matter so much about his ability for scrubbing and keeping the furnace going. Utilitarian accomplishments are a secondary consideration so long as he is endowed with the blessed qualities of a peacemaker.

"Taken all in all, the most peaceable people I get in my houses hail from Sweden. You never hear a peep out of a Swede. He doesn't bother his neighbors and he doesn't bother me unless the provocation is extreme. As a rule, he is good pay too. The only fault I have to find with him is his fondness for moving. A lease is a dead letter in his eye, and he has no more compunction about moving without a day's notice than he has about going to bed when he is sleepy."

The woman in the blue hat asked what were the chief characteristics of Americans as tenants.

"Their supreme selfishness," said the agent. "They have not a spark of consideration for a landlord. They want the earth. They never get through asking for improvements. They are not content to get the walls tinted and the woodwork painted and the plumbing fixed once or twice a year. They want new decorations every month, and all the trimmings must be first class too. American tenants pay big prices for their flats, but there isn't really so much profit in catering to them as to other nationalities, for the simple reason that I have to pay out nearly all my income in trying to keep up the building in the style they demand. On the other hand, the people who ask for the least are the Italians and the French. They take most any old thing I feel like giving them, the French meekly providing their own decorations and the Italians going without.

"I like German tenants pretty well, too, but they are terribly hard on flats. I never could understand how they manage to inflict so much damage on walls and floors. Judging by the looks of an apartment just vacated by a large German family, one would think that their star piece of furniture was a battering ram.

"The czar's former subjects also have an abnormally developed bump of destructiveness, although they run to glass instead of plastering. I have one house down town that is occupied by ten Russian families, and if they were not compelled to repair their own damages it would keep me poor putting in new windows and buying new gas globes.

"I also rent to colored people. I have three houses full of them at present, and I must say that I have never had better tenants. But when you come down to facts, all my tenants are nice people, only I thought it might not be amiss while on the subject of nationality to mention a few of the peculiarities of each."—New York Sun.

**Taking It Out In Trade.**

"The advertising business would be all right," said the head of one of the big advertising companies, "if the people you did business for would pay their bills in cash. You thought they did, did you? Well, some of them do, but a good many of them don't, and then you get loaded up with truck that you have to dispose of at the best figures you can get.

"In the last year I've had to take merchandise enough to stock a department store. I've had tons and tons of stuff. I have had three tons of candy alone. I've had groceries, dry goods, novelties, clothes and about everything you can think of. We laugh when we read in the country papers that wood and coal and fresh vegetables and the like will be taken in payment for subscriptions and advertising, but right here in New York city that sort of thing is going on, only on a larger scale, and it's no laughing matter either. Wouldn't it jar you?"—New York Sun.